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Almost

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Almost

I've been slayed
by subtle
intricate
daring
things
that you do
or wish you could
not suppositions,
but the longing
I see lurking
behind your eyes
eyes that once shone special
For me
eyes that crippled me with their Hungry,
yet adoring gaze

You went traveling one day
packed up your eyes
and ran away
I was left with nothing
then a gift fell down
and split my head –
You had managed to scrawl on paper
our lil' feat –
The time each one of us
almost *felt* something
good
now that gift is typed and covered
and the whole world can read about
our
almost
affair